

SAMUEL SERWATA
<<< UNPLUGGED TEXTS >>>
(2016)

(Three translated experimental texts from three different publishing books.)

- #1. SPLITTING OF LITERARY.**
- #2. FLASHBACK.**
- #3. CANCER SONG.**

Samuel Serwata
„SPLITTING of LITERARY”

Beginning excerpt called „Plwociny Literackie” from the collected of the experimental texts under the title „SYNTHETIC STORIES” („Syntetyczne Historie”) writing in 2013, publishing in Poland on Issuu.com 2014 and Beezar.pl 2016

DISGUSTINGS

Hom more times would not start, and anything not written I know that is going to suck. It even proved right now, writing this sentence.

Im projecting the reality of using an enclosed space and time matter liable to be reproduced. In her only limit and worst my enemy is your own imagination. The purest, blinding white, but never lasts long. Always will think, then forming the Word picture, that could be received by the senses, producing-perhaps new. So White covered red, which rises, overshadowing, collapses and Blacks. The gates are closed the rationality and realism. All were covered by the red and black. Because all that red, must become black. And in these three colors, as in three acts in one installment of the show, contained in three functional emotions such as sadness, Laughter, fear-in any combination and installation. – These make up the people and the whole world that you can imprison or modify; It all; life is an art, but an artist is the one who can outline what is in between, and close from the beginning to the end, where these do not necessarily have to be there, where fact followed them.

That's all for me, and what's with you? Oh well. Probably better to start again. Easier and slower ...

I, overwhelmed, I would like to tell every visitor that any content on this profile are my authorship. Apart from the obvious presentations, links, etc., whose existence on the Internet do not take responsibility. This website was created for the purpose of presentation and publishing my art projects from the fields of literature, photo-graphics, comic, video-art, music, etc. advertising and informational purposes. However, if someone wishes to create the proverbial problems, showing the great potential of free time and a negative intelligence more. In the time of the development of free minds, and data on the information society, najświetniejszymi, sometimes in all of human history, at the beginning of the 21st century, and so for the most part, the most important is the vibrant overlay on the Dick. Like someone what I do not like it, it has the right to do so, as I have the right to pursue something, which in my understanding is a work of art. Threats on nothing will pass, because I'm retarded, crippled, and psychic, and so no court will convict me, because I'm not fully aware of his actions and words, and had control over them, hence I cannot take responsibility, blame others, it'd could be another attack of mental illness, maniakalnej, obsessive natures, incurable and contagious disease called talent. A normal person doesn't spend time and devotes life to coming up with the next chujowych books, which no one wants to spend. But I'm not trying to decipher nonsense to create, because those who for example. read, are much more ill. Ultimately I can only cheer like the fact that people are dying, and I prefer it than looking for door handles in a room that does not have Windows or doors. But well, as I was dying then I worried how I survive.

I prefer that than to be healthy, according to these, what education are trying to save the world. Nothing here for me. In the meantime. Fuck You in the ass, whoever you are. -Since I've explained myself the key issues, to begin with, as it's finally all over. I do not want anyone blindly trudged towards the end, if you want to get to know each przegapiając eagerly it stories. The book is thick and I sincerely doubt anyone wanted to read it a second time. I know this, because I have not done this.

Once a sarcastic, a fine smile I present the balance between good and evil, reality and anomaly, black and white, wisdom and foolishness, realism and Surrealism, or letter and clown rozdwójonej of court Bloodsucker dreary personality, who, after many hardships and znojach survived. We are proud to present to you himself that the authorship of that book I owe the person above mentioned, that is, as I mentioned I think yourself, alone. Under that text that read, I-whatever that means. One simple, constructive word I put in front of you my first work (and basically the first, which I started.)

To psychotic skating by curving in a mirror as seen through the eyes of a normal intruder Packer rotted out children for the departure into the unknown horizon area rozpościerającego on its own. Like a demented butterfly and blooming dogs...

Not at all stories have a beginning and an end. Not all have a good ending. These lyrics are so amazing, like brushing your teeth in the morning. - This book marked by stigma. Greetings from me to you that all the words and sentences in the contexts have been posted with full knowledge and caution, and finally there are oversights and shortcomings of literary niedouczonego of the author, whether maligna junky.

Je if for some stories will I be sued, it will mean that the book is great, and I'm an outstanding writer. In fact, all of the hard-hitting artists having trials were great people, and their books are milestones in the literature, which remembers and read today. This book has the objective of completely zdegustować man. I wish my readers had a book in one hand and in the other, paper bag, you will be able to spew. Logorrhea-splitting their own words, in contrast to ślinotoku, which is zaplucia its own saliva. -Anal FA Beta. Grafomanem and wierszokletą.

Today, 23 June. On Father's Day. Place the largest and loudest, events in the city. The city is still divided into neighborhoods that compete with each other. Each has at least one such event. Most often it happens that the poorest, usually. Eventually, which is, of course, to predict, are happening even in the center of the forum, on the market, or any central point of each town. In one day, not possible, or it is unlucky to be in that day from Saturday to Sunday, at work, sitting on the bench, anything to put anyone in a supermarket female cashiers at the market najseksowniejszej HM. In addition, four days in a row on the second change after przerąbanym week of walking to work, literally, every other day. After this just to get after all two full days off. One advantage of all this, again, is a fact that I do not have a phone.

When you and I plucked from the work, maybe even a little prematurely, after already had two cold Carlsbergi, that chłodziły my conscience about the displeasure of coexistence with society, bearing in mind fully developed the ability to perceive reality, predicting events, the ability to draw from the experience, and the innate creativity and imagination. I was hoping to catch somewhere in the bucket or a PIN, and only one, it is enough that it turned out

that the event is not there where ever. In addition, when I got to the already mentioned, the central market in the city, I could on the last two pieces in solitude.

Come back characters from this point zagmatwanego, I came across Yankeesa and his compatriot. Were just talking. Case, the desire to go after the beer, was an accidental meeting, ended the company unknown to me people, and defragment the fact, that I paid for ultimately only a cigarette. The case guided me to the story, known to me prior to two months. It was this: I had drunk vodka with friends, which was the first, a solid dose of alcohol, because I usually don't drink at all, or at least not such things, but it came out, and I fell asleep under a 24-hour basis. As I drink, I drink, and is okay, but all of a sudden I have a total of decapitation, there is no pulse reaches the end for me.

No respond to screaming and beating. For nothing. I usually end up that someone will call an ambulance. But this time, remained the same, and the owner of the 24-hour called the police. The police came, and it was not nice, so the COP got me the shoe in the face. I do not remember this, but apparently it was. Drove me to the emergency room, and there, they checked me on the dredge, but there was nothing, only that the alcohol, and they wanted to know where I live. I do not remember this, or the fact that I gave them the address, but I remember the question \"did you take today any drugs?\" and I said: \"not yet.\" These facts were collected for one and a half month, from different people that I know, and i been experiencing headaches, what they were doing, and what they saw. If not for them, I do not pamiętaćbym anything. So by this time, until today have been solved all the puzzles detective of that affair. By the fact that I bought a hub, lufkę and four pipes in the 24-hour. When the owner asked if I drank a beer in front of the store, because: \"I do not want again to call an ambulance.\" Another part of that fateful, as usual, \"he always the worst\" over so that I do not remember anything from when I got home, and I was lying in the hallway, with her mother in the company of me in half to three in the morning, and the company of three defenders of Justice. I remember that then I preferred to get me took to the police station, and police officers, that they do not, and that, as already on the Board. So one of the cops was not nice again, and then turned, Shin carbonate got the same COP who got before me the carbonate in the face. About the little me not kicked as the gestapo, but stopped due to my mother.

Przez two weeks to a month later I was afraid if I come to the Court's call for \"resisting arrest\" or \"beating a police officer\". But I do not. After more than two months of the case until the end of dorwała.

I want greet in today's the day my father and all of his father. Not so his father Rydzyka.

Samuel Serwata
„FLASHBACK”

„Retrospekcje” - Short story from the poems book under the title „SONG OF THE END OF THE WORLD” - „Pieśń Końca Świata”, writing to 2006, publishing in Miniatura Krakow in 2013

Man sitting in his car, somewhere between turning off Something grumbles from the radio. Is sleepy, completely serene. Next to it stands the cage in the middle of her Starling. Man I feel slightly irritated by him. For this, which does not keeps it. Haveing bird food yourself to handle grain, opens the door of the cage and slips handily. Starling starts slowly wydziobywać each of them. A moment of inattention, and beak of a bird stuck in a man's hand. He felt a burning sensation, but Palm did not take. Further eating bird seed, injuring it again at some point. This time it was more painful.

The man wondered, why not take your hand, and whether some degree of pain is to some extent. After some time, he took a hand, when the scratching of it all. Looked at her. Was covered with several wounds, all of which dripped blood. Drew on her glove and grabbed for the wheel, waiting.

See traffic, several men, quite large inside, something that created, unless the swords. They began to approach the car in which he was sitting. In the light of the lighthouse with surprise admitted that it for other use. In real armour, helmets, on which they had attached the moons. They carried long swords. One of them tried to hit the car, hovering over the hood of a sword, wanting to break it, apparently.

The car backed out instantly. The man catching the wheel and pulled into the lot, stoppered. Unfortunately, stuck between the cars. He looked around to the back, but no one noticed there. Felt temporary relief. Throbbing cars.

He wondered if this is a dream or vision, and may not even truth, only something completely different, the unaudited. In the meantime, he felt a tingling sensation in his hand, hindering him from holding the steering wheel. The hand became sort of an increasingly heavier, and to his surprise, the hand was replaced in stone. He turned it off. Small Starling taken by wounds, housing website. Scapular hand on the seat.

It had to think whatever he heard a rattling. He turned almost injuring one's face by by the sword that has been pounded for the Interior of the car. In fear and anger, came out of the car, watching from right back. There was no one outside the car. There was also other cars. Nothing, except stuck glass sword. He looked at the Moon that looked just like the Samurai helmet. Moon resembled a mieniący metal, which slowly fell, like a feather and disappeared beyond the horizon. At the same time, the surrounding buildings began to break down as paper mockup, and the sky fall backwards, giving way to the place of nothingness. The man stood in the middle of all this, feeling ripped off.

Samuel Serwata
„THE SONG OF CANCER”

„Pieśń Nowotwora” - poem from the short stories and others collection under the title „TICKET TO HELL” - „Bilet do Piekła”, publishing in Miniatura Kraków in Poland on 2015. The song with the music-video you can watching on YouTube, played by polish avant-garde group „Apteka Cpuna”.

I am like an bondage.
Sitting in glass jar.
My hands shaking in delirium.
Face my from skull are drowning on.
With the moon behind the clouds, showing bloody smash.
Shivers coming like a evening drops
Eating flesh the fear.
I am coming, you're waiting shine on me.

In the silence I try listening beats of veins.
Through the body moving waves of hundred spasmodic phobias.
Something burning, someone still, only waiting to get out.
Under my skin voices say to me it's all over.
I feel catching of material unimaginable things.
It so quiet and careful.
Something weird is coming, someone still waiting,
to be only get on outside.